



Division I

Section 7

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POPOCATEPETL FROM THE SACRED MOUNTAIN
See page 792



The Spirit of Missions

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY REVIEW
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The Progress of the Kingdom

A MONTH ago none of us would have dared hope that at Christmas the guns would have ceased firing—that war would have been at an end. All the more keen, therefore, will be the emotion with which we hear the song of the angels as we celebrate again the birth of the Incarnate Word of God.

The whole human family meanwhile will be rejoicing in the victory which God has vouchsafed to the armies of the Allies, and the security to civilization which that victory assures. In the light of the Revelation which the Feast of the Nativity shows, Christian people will be able to discover the significance of all that has happened and so be able to help place the emphasis right. The victory is the vindication of righteousness, perhaps more clearly than any event in the past. It is not the first time in the story of human development that like vindication has been given; yet the story runs that in other times the fruits of victory have been lost because the nations have straightway fallen back into the old order, substituting self-seeking for mutual service.

It would be distressing beyond words if such result should follow now. The nations have been drawn together in a way that was never seen before to defend the principles which underlie all right living. Without regard to national religious conceptions with one accord the ideal of human liberty of which the Christ taught men to dream has been victoriously maintained. Forgetting their own interests, the great nations have been bound together in a marvelous unity and have been consecrated as though they were one to the cause which concerned mankind. France, who has suffered beyond human endurance, has struck the note which marks the high purpose for which the sacrifice has been offered when M. Clemenceau declared "we are not fighting against humanity, but for humanity." For the time being the mutual suspicions prevailing among those who must do the world's work have been everywhere forgotten, and all classes

have given themselves without reserve to their common task. Today as perhaps never since the shepherds heard the angels sing of peace and goodwill do we catch a glimpse of what it will mean to mankind when these terms describe human relations.

BUT we are only now beginning to face the problem as to how the splendid good which universal suffering has brought into view may be made permanent. It would indeed be tragedy if the world again fails to know the day of its visitation. And yet this is entirely possible unless means are found by which men may learn how to apply practically the principles which self-preservation has compelled them to adopt for the time being.

As always this will depend on the public opinion which will express what the multitude believe to be their highest good. It was a wrong public opinion that made the cataclysm inevitable. The principles of sordidness and self-seeking developed to their full fruition caused the misery. These have been proven to be futile and destructive of all good. But the impulse to worship material force will remain in men until the kingdoms of this world have become the Kingdom of God and of his Christ. Nor is there anything inherent in human nature unenlightened which will prevent that worship from bearing its own fruit.

It was a wrong public opinion that made the old things possible. In this day in which all things have become new the opportunity presented to those who call Him Lord is inspiring. Our Lord Jesus Christ promised to His Church that she should create a right public opinion by which mankind might be guided into the liberty and abundance of life which He had purchased for the whole world. The time seems to have come when Christian people by striving together may make it possible for that promise to be fulfilled.

HAPPILY the American Church does not have to bear alone the burden of this task, however glorious it is. This involves the showing of the Revelation of Christmas to all the people everywhere, so that all may understand what the Incarnation means. But there is no doubt that the American Church may have a mighty part in this if she will; and the measure of her understanding while she sings *Te Deums* and renders thanksgivings will be evidenced in the means she applies to fulfill the Mission which has been intrusted to those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

An opportunity is presented to her in the days before Christmas for making practical answer as to what she will do about it. Many causes have united to turn her thoughts away from her paramount obligation. Conditions have recently disrupted all her plans for work, with the result that she is in danger of seeming to hold lightly her obligation to carry on. But the days that remain are enough to make the New Year a day of real rejoicing if all will express their thanksgiving for peace in the

terms of practical service rendered on behalf of Him Who has given us the victory.

Someone said in speaking of the blessed victory which has been vouchsafed to righteousness, that while all praise is due to God for the result, on our part "victory and peace did not 'just happen'". The strong determination, the skillful planning, the efficient preparation, the steady support at home, and then the irresistible pressure of the men on the firing line—without all these there could have been no victory. But now through victory there is peace and security."

The Church's programme could not be better stated than in the above quotation. If keeping our eyes fixed on the goal set by Him Who has sent us, all our parishes will adopt its suggestion in their plan of operations, if only for the days of one month, the New Year will be introduced by a practical demonstration that the American Church is able and ready to do her part towards establishing such a right public opinion in our beloved country as will secure for it the blessings which have been bought at such awful cost.

THERE is good ground for hope that the new world ushered in by the casting down of the idol of material force will find the attitude of the American Church towards her Mission radically changed. From every direction words come which seem to indicate that men and women are more and more realizing that the service which the Church must render mankind ought not to depend for support on the haphazard gifts of individuals, but that the forces of the Church should be so marshalled as to be available for her work. This will require such a method to be adopted as will place the emphasis first on the work to be done. It will require also that a well-considered policy be laid before the Church showing just what she must provide year by year, in workers and money, for the adequate support of her operations.

Perhaps the most hopeful detail disclosed by such correspondence is that men and women seem to understand more definitely that "missions" and "education" and "social service" are not unrelated enterprises, but that each is involved in both the others. Nothing can be hoped for the human family until by means of "missions" men are made aware of the hope brought to them in the Revelation of the Incarnate One. Nor can there be any practical result from understanding what the Revelation means until those minds have been trained which have been awakened by having the Father showed to them. Nor will "education" be profitable unless men are taught how they may improve the conditions of their life so that these may be worthy environment for people who are free with the liberty wherewith Christ has made men free. So first education and then social service becomes the immediate task of those who have been bidden to go everywhere and show men what they have seen and tell men what they have heard.

That the mind of the Church should be moving along such lines at a time when old things have passed away is cause for profound thanksgiving, the more because this indicates that we are getting away from the individualism which so long has hindered the Church from being the living witness for our Risen Lord. And our hopefulness seems justified by the interesting things which are happening in the Church. These may seem in themselves of small import to those not constantly thinking about the progress of the Kingdom, but really they are all big with significance.

AS this number of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS comes to its readers, *The Advent Call* of the Woman's Auxiliary will be on the point of finding expression. Moved by the urgency of the time, and inspired by the recognition of what might result for the nations if the opportunity is taken advantage of, the women of the Church have dared to believe that the Christ will make available the mighty strength inherent in His Body in response to her corporate appeal. All over the Church for a whole week not individuals, but faithful ones thinking of themselves as members of His Body will with one accord offer intercessions on behalf of that Body. Their Eucharists will not be the separate acts of devotion made by individuals, but will be the offering of His sacrifice before God in the name and on behalf of the whole Church. In their acts and words they will not go in their individual strength, but relying on the strength which every member supplies, each one sustained by the faith of all. The result must be a better understanding on the part of the whole Church of what our Lord has endowed her with for the accomplishment of her Mission; and a new enthusiasm for the souls of men which will make easy that which just now seemed impossible.

Following quick upon this the bishop of Massachusetts has called his diocese to undertake a mission to last through twenty weeks that the impetus given by *The Advent Call* may not be wasted. The end of that mission will be an illustration of the manner in which every diocese should be organized so that its strength may be made available; nor is there any doubt that by the time the whole body of the Church in that diocese meets for its corporate Communion on Easter Day, the Church in Massachusetts will not only know how strong the Church is when she realizes herself as the Body of Christ, but will know also that His life has been imparted and His Body fed with the bread that came down from heaven in order that she may complete the purpose for which He became incarnate.

WORD from Dr. Wood tells of his arrival in Japan. He goes on to the Philippines about December first, returning later to China. The prayers of the Church are asked in behalf of the Foreign Secretary as he journeys by land and sea, and that he may be given wisdom for his work.

Gloria in Excelsis

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Saint Luke 2:14.

GOD is our hope and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved, and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea. Though the waters thereof rage and swell, and though the mountains shake at the tempest of the same.

The rivers of the flood thereof shall make glad the city of God; the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most Highest.

God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she not be removed; God shall help her, and that right early.

The heathen make much ado, and the kingdoms are moved; but God hath showed his voice, and the earth shall melt away.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

O come hither, and behold the works of the Lord, what destruction he hath brought upon the earth.

He maketh wars to cease in all the world; he breaketh the bow, and knappeth the spear in sunder, and burneth the chariots in the fire.

Be still then, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, and I will be exalted in the earth.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.
—*Psalm 46.*

Thanksgiving for Victory

RIGHTEOUS Father, who hast revealed Thy will by giving victory to the cause of freedom, Bless to us, we pray Thee, Thy good and perfect gift, and grant us grace so to use this happy victory that it may be to us a tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Prayer for Guidance

ALmighty God, Ruler of all nations: Give wisdom, we pray Thee, at this time to those who are called to be counsellors for the making of a righteous peace; and bring us all at last to that fair city of peace, whose foundations are mercy, justice, and goodwill and whose builder and maker Thou art; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. *Amen.*

Saint Matthew 28:19, 20.



SAN JOSE DE GRACIA, MEXICO CITY



Christmas in Mexico

By Archdeacon Mellen

THE Christmas customs of the Mexican people are those inherited by them from the other side of the water, and these are quite distinct from the methods of observing the season brought in by the missionaries. The figure of Santa Claus, as well as the Christmas tree, was imported into Mexico through England and the United States from northern Europe, while other customs have come by the southern route from early Latin churches by the way of Spain or France.

One of these latter customs which has come down from very early times and which may have had its beginnings among the Hebrew Christians on the sacred soil of Palestine is called *Las Posadas*. The meaning of the term is "The Lodgings", and is the acting out of the drama of Joseph and Mary seeking lodgings all the way from Nazareth to Bethlehem, and covers a period of nine nights, the last one coming on Christmas-eve. In the rather crude and often corrupted manner in which it is generally observed in Mexico it is possible to feel the warm heart-beat and the thrill of the vivid imagination of the oriental and the dwellers in the sunny south.

There are two parties or groups in the little play and the whole thing is so simple and so easily understood that the poor and the unlearned can make it their very own. One of the groups goes into a room and closes the door; they are the inn keepers and the other people living along the road where the holy family are to pass. With a large doll for the child Jesus, it is a simple matter to make up the other party, and so Joseph and Mary come and knock at the door. The words are in simple and rather crude verses to be chanted by those who ask a lodging and by those who persistently refuse admission. Here is a translation to show the character of the song:

Pilgrim (knocking): A lodging I seek,
Pray, open the door,
My beloved so weary,
Can travel no more.

Answer from within: This is no inn,
Go, leave us alone,
Why should we open
To strangers unknown?

Several verses of the same sort are sung by the two parties, and all is repeated for eight successive nights, together with a litany to the Virgin Mary, and also prayers. Unfortunately, in the present-day celebration of the beautiful little play there is very little of seriousness or of the quiet earnestness which ought to be present. On the ninth evening, which comes on Christmas-eve, the door of the inn is joyously opened, and a royal welcome given to the weary pilgrims, a great feast and nearly always a sad exhibition of the decay and corruption of a sweet and pure ancient religious custom. Sometimes the acting out of this Christmas play becomes purely a social affair, and all who take part are the guests, night after night, in a single house, and at other times it may take place from house to house in a neighborhood of friends.

While Santa Claus has come into Mexico with the missionaries from the north, the children here have had their gifts mysteriously brought to them and, we must confess, in a manner quite as sensible and quite as likely to be of the "really and truly" kind.

Christmas presents as we know them are not given in Mexico. The Feast of the Epiphany, on the sixth of January, is observed with great care, and it is on that night the Three Kings—Magi—ride through the streets carrying countless presents for all the boys and girls who have been as good as good can be all through the year. Houses in Mexico have little balconies and iron railings at all of the windows, and it is out on the balcony that the shoes must be placed before going to bed. And in the morning, there they are, sure enough, a little bag of candy and a top that will spin and a wonderful doll that will squeak and close her eyes and open them again.

If we had not a supreme faith in our message of the pure catholic and Bible truth for the people of other lands, we would not be here at all, but one feature of modern missions is to learn as well as to teach, and surely this Epiphany custom of keeping the memorial of the men who brought their gold and frankincense and myrrh to the infant Saviour is as good and as sensible and more close to the Bible than the story of a saint from the frozen north who drives his reindeer and sled on the roof and comes down through the chimney.

Deaconess Whitaker bears testimony to the wholesome effect of the wonderful story of the three wise kings and their mysterious powers, for they certainly know who has been good and who has been naughty.



BREAKING THE *PIÑATA*

While referring to the work of Deaconess Whitaker and the "House of the Holy Name" a Christmas message from Mexico may well contain a picture of the fine old Church of *San José de Gracia* in the city of Mexico, with the plain white stone cross on the altar, the Nativity picture above it, and a beam of sunlight coming down from the window in the dome. There is another Christmas custom here which we adopt with pleasure: it is called "Breaking the *piñata*". Clay for making pottery is found in all parts of the country, and in the market of the little country villages you will find for sale big jugs and little jugs, pitchers, mugs and basins of all sorts and sizes and all of them very cheap. Now for the *piñata* a large earthenware jar is used, and this is filled with sweets of the inexpensive sort, and the jar is dressed up in a fine suit of colored tissue paper and hung up so it will be well above the heads of the children who are going to have the fun of smashing it to bits and devouring its contents. One of the pictures tells the rest of the story of the *piñata* better than words can do it. Old and young have come from far away to the celebration at the hospital in Nopala, and one of the boys has been properly blindfolded and has the stick in his hand for doing the work. As he has been led off and turned around several times, of course he is going to miss the mark, and someone else will have to try. This picture shows the *sombreros* or big hats of Mexico, but it also shows the sort who come to the hospital in Nopala. One little boy in the front row is shy a hat and some other articles of clothing as well, but there stands the good missionary nurse, Mrs. Shults, and when he starts for home he will look like a different boy.

While the Christmas tree is not one of the native trees of this land of clear skies, bright sunshine and brilliant stars, its importation is accepted with joy. The English, American and German families living in the great city of Mexico, as well as



IXTACCIHUATL, "THE SLEEPING WOMAN", WITH AMECAMECA AT ITS FEET



WOOD FOR THE HOOKER SCHOOL

the American mission Sunday-schools, go to the city markets and buy the trees which are brought in on the most faithful and useful little animals in the world, and one of the pictures shows just how this is done. In places where the right sort of a tree is not to be had, like the district around the Nopala Hospital, of course we do the next best thing, and go out and get some other sort of a tree, and trim it up, and hang some nice red tissue paper bells in the branches, as may be seen on the tree in the picture at the Nopala Hospital.

A great many of the families of this country do not have very much of the joy of Christmas as we know it, and for many of her people it is the land of heavy burdens and hard work and scanty fare. Perhaps the readers of *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS* may be interested to see a picture taken by Miss McKnight at the Hooker School of the man of whom she sometimes buys wood for the school; for when he comes to town to sell the wood he has cut, he brings the whole family with him, as well as the two donkeys to carry the wood. One member of the family is not seen in the picture. The baby is rolled up in a bundle and carried on his mother's back. The building shown in the picture is one corner of the Hooker School. The girls of the school are generally away at their homes at Christmas, except those who have no homes to go to, but the opening of the new year of school takes place on the Feast of the Epiphany, which is observed in correct Mexican style.

The city of Mexico is high, high up, about a mile and a quarter above the level of the sea, yet down in the bottom of an immense basin formed by mountain ridges and volcano peaks. It is so high that it is never very hot there, and so far to the

south that it is never very cold. Those of us who have come from the country where a part of our Christmas has been the snow and the cold can look up at the two snow-covered mountains, and at this time they make us feel as if we were not so far from home.

The village of Amecameca is fifty miles from the city of Mexico, and lies close up at the foot of the two snow-covered mountains. Besides the three institutions mentioned in this story, The Hooker School, The House of Hope, or the Hospital, and The House of the Holy Name, there are several mission congregations in different parts of the country. Looking across the roof of our little chapel of the Incarnation in Amecameca we see the long ridge which is always covered with snow. This was called by the Indians *Ixtaccihuatl*, which means "the sleeping woman". Sometimes at sunset there is a gorgeous canopy of dark purple clouds all around this mountain, banked up just below the snow line, and then it looks very much like a reclining figure, robed in purest white, and all surrounded by a dark purple pall.

The other mountain is a grand single peak wearing its cap of snow every day of the year, and who can tell the number of the years! It is only a few miles along the ridge from the snow of one to the snow of the other. This peak was called by the Indians *Popocatepetl*, or "smoking mountain", a name it will always bear though it has not sent out smoke for a very long time.

Walking out of the village of Amecameca, and away from the mountains, a winding road leads up a hill called *Sacra Monte*, and along this there are stone monuments built as stations of the cross. At the top of the hill there is a pretty little church, a very ancient shrine for the people of many miles around. One of the pictures shown with this story gives the last of the stations of the cross and a view of "Popo" way over on the other side of the valley. (See page 780.)

Many travelers have climbed to the top of this mountain, and down below the cap of pure white snow there is a great hot basin or crater nearly a mile from one side to the other. In it there are open cracks where the hot lava can be seen and felt.

It is a matter of historic record that when the Spaniards came to conquer the country and needed gunpowder to kill the people with, they climbed to the top through snow and ice, and boldly went down to the hot surface below where they were able to secure an abundance of pure sulphur for the purpose. The daring courage and marvelous perseverance of those conquerors makes a great story.

Possibly missionary workers may be able to gather from the inspiring view of the snow-crowned peak their courage and perseverance for a better work of love and peace and perpetual international brotherhood. May He who loved the inspiring mountain views of Palestine so long ago grant to all His servants the courage, the faith and the perseverance to carry on the hard and often discouraging work of missions over all the world.



BIG SISTER AND LITTLE BROTHER—OURS

See page 817



THE ANCON HOSPITAL
See page 811



CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY SAVIOUR, ANKING, CHINA
See page 821



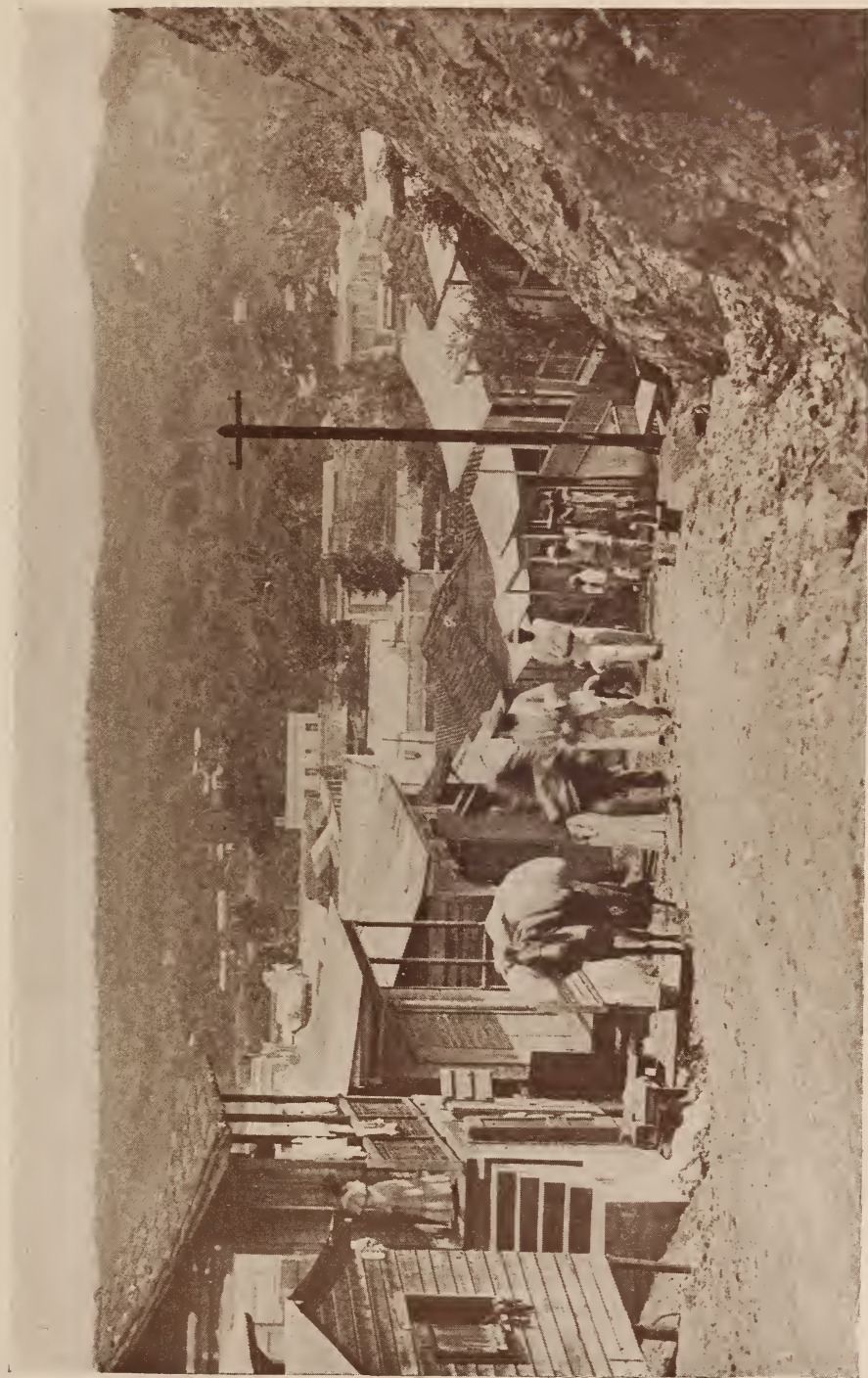
THE LITTLE MISSION HOUSE ON THE RIDGE
The fruit of the first Christmas tree
See page 825



LAHAINA—UNDER THE SHADOW OF PUUKUKUI
See page 813



THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AT GUANTANAMO
See page 819



LOOKING DOWN INTO MAYAGUEZ
See pages 805 and 829



THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AT RAGTOWN



THE GARFIELD SMELTER—ALONG THE OVERLAND TRAIL
The Greek and Austrian Houses are in the foreground

Christmas on the Overland Trail

By the Reverend Maxwell W. Rice

IMAGINE yourself, if you will, surrounded by mountain, plain and lake, by desert and vast silences. Open your eyes to behold distances that are magnificent: over the blue horizon of Great Salt Lake see the snow peaks shining ninety miles away, or, grander than these, the mighty Rockies rising seven thousand feet from the intermountain basin. Such are the views the pioneers and "forty-niners" saw on their way to the Golden West. For Garfield is scattered along that famous western route known as "The Overland Trail". Over it come and go the sheep-herders in chaps and spurs, Greek peddlers, motor trucks, limiteds and limousines, and every day five thousand wage-earners carrying dinner-buckets. In spite of all this open country we are not farmers, or cattlemen, or sheep-herders. We are mill and smelter men, and our Christmas is often shrouded by smelter smoke, and the angels' song confused by roar of machinery.

With this for setting and for atmosphere, what did we make of Christmas here?

In the West, things usually begin in front of a store. It was there that a group gathered to discuss the Christmas Red Cross Drive at the boarding houses. It had failed; the largest number of subscriptions taken at any hotel being but seven. So a campaign was then undertaken which cleared fifty-seven dollars for the Red Cross, but which consumed so much time that we almost lost two of the three trees needed for our five festivals. It was the spirit of Christmas that recovered one of them and brought us the others. This is how it happened:



OUTDOOR OVEN IN GREEK-ITALIAN SETTLEMENT, RAGTOWN

Our first festival was to be held on the Saturday evening before Christmas at the public school. The church could not have held the crowd that assembled at half-past seven in the gymnasium. The children looked about eagerly for their tree. It was nowhere to be seen! A big tree had been purchased in Salt Lake City for delivery on Friday, but because of some difficulty in shipment it had been *resold*. It so happened that the second purchaser was the superintendent of the two mills at Garfield. He noticed that the tree bore a tag with my name upon it. He told the store he would deliver it himself and bought another. It was not until five o'clock that very Saturday evening that he discovered the tree was wanted at once and sent his machine forty miles to bring it to the children. Over the great highway it came, hurried along by the Christmas Spirit, arriving only half an hour late. From the cantata it went to the church for the Sunday services and thence on the shoulders of the Boy Scouts to the barracks for the soldiers' Christmas-eve party given by our Red Cross.

Three miles east on the Overland Trail lies Saint Andrew's Mission at Ragtown. Here no tree was to be had. But a foreman at the Magna Plant, hearing that I could not find one for the children, telephoned his man at the Jordan Narrows twenty miles away, "Cut down the best cedar you can find." I asked him how he would get the tree to us. "I'll take the truck," he said. That meant half a night's work. He explained, "When it comes to the kiddies, I'd do anything."

Now we know that a cedar is not an orthodox Christmas tree, yet this tree was for our church, so a miracle had to happen. We began our programme at five o'clock on Christmas-eve. Candles on many cakes lighted up forty very happy faces gathered about two tables at the mission. Cocoa, cakes, cookies and apples gave way soon to the Christmas songs and pieces, and later to the lighted tree. The miracle *had* happened! For it was a *balsam* beautiful enough to draw the children's eyes even from Santa Claus!



UPPER TWIN LAKE, UTAH

At eight o'clock that same evening we were at another festival five miles west at Greek Town, not in a church, or gymnasium, but in a motion picture house! On the way my "Ford" picked up twelve children, who made quite a load, because three of them were almost as old as I am. Another car filled with singers was already lighting up the Overland Trail just ahead. We saw the red-hot slag pour down the seventy-foot dump as we passed under the trestle at the Smelter. Our children, who were to reproduce a part of Saturday's cantata, felt a little timid about singing before foreigners because they might prove too uncouth to appreciate their carols. But the attention and applause they received made them at once happy that they had sacrificed something of their own Christmas-eve. The tree for the children of this Greek and Austrian settlement was smaller than the others, but it bore more presents and more candy for each child and was quite the wonder of their big black eyes.

Christmas in some places I know seems to come of itself from the sky as of old. But here, where mills and smelter operate even on that Day of Days, it would seem to come only by heroic effort of human hearts. Yet, strange to say, we felt almost at the outset the mighty Spirit that gave birth to Christianity sweeping before us accomplishing what we ourselves could not have done. This I wish you to feel as well as the joy our Christmas festivals gave both to the children and to their toiling parents.



A MAYAGUEZ ALLEY

Where the old man beat his barrel during the Epiphany festivities



THE "KEEP KLEAN" CLUB OF SAINT ANDREW'S
Also the sewing class in the industrial department

Christmas in Mayaguez

By the Reverend Frank A. Saylor

THE Porto Rican Calendar is rich in *dias-de fiesta* and among these none more successfully accomplishes its mission of bringing good cheer than does Christmas.

From early in November one is daily and sometimes hourly reminded of the approach of this festival season by the sound of music in the streets. It is always the same song to the same tune, and the singers, more often than not, seem to have been selected solely with regard to lung power. Following one of the glad sounds, one encounters at the next street corner a handful of eager little children gathered around a group comprised of a man and two or three small boys and girls. The man holds aloft a large wooden box with one side open, exposing a crude representation of *Los Tres Reyes* worshipping the Christ Child. While the crowd stops to look and listen, the children make a joyful noise, in their efforts to earn the few pennies which the audience is expected to contribute.



A FEW OF THE CHILDREN OF SAINT ANDREW'S SCHOOL

In the shop windows with their display designed to tempt the gift hunter, dolls hold first place. These daily increase in size and numbers until *El día de los Reyes* or Epiphany, which is the day in Porto Rico for the exchange of gifts.

Americans in search of something different with which to surprise and please those at home find their wants bountifully supplied in the *Dularias*. Here, in addition to their always large and varied assortment of goodies, appear other dainties such as *turon de coco*, *mara pan* and a delicious nougat fresh from Spain.

At twelve o'clock on Christmas-eve comes the *Noche Buena* Supper. This, they tell us, is as much a national institution as the Thanksgiving dinner in the States. Here gather together all the family and unattached friends to enjoy, not turkey, but roast pig—without which the feast is not complete.

At the Mission of Saint Andrew's, last year at Christmas time, there were about fifty little children eagerly awaiting the holiday season. And these were made very happy by the timely arrival of a Christmas box from home. There was enough and to spare of gifts of all kinds, all attractively wrapped, ready to be put on the tree. At seven-thirty Christmas-eve they all came—children and parents and visitors—into the little *patio*, in the center of which stood a "store" tree, decorated with the usual tinsel and candles. We teachers had dressed some of the boys and girls to represent shepherds and angels, and they all gathered around to sing the carols before the gifts were given out.

Such a time! And such a night! The children all singing and happy, below, and the sky with its stars and moon above! Enough to make anyone think of the night when Christ was born.

The children here have two gift feasts—Christmas and Epiphany. Nearly every year they have come both times for their fun and carols. But this last year we changed. Christmas was the great gift day, and on Epiphany, instead of receiving any gift, each child came with a gift for the suffering children of Belgium. It was the first time they had given gifts on Epiphany, and I'm sure the habit will be a good one, each year, as they remember those others who cannot be as happy as they ought.



THE CHRISTMAS SUN AT NOON, FAIRBANKS, ALASKA
Taken from the porch of Saint Matthew's Hospital

Christmas in Fairbanks

By Daphne Irene Moody

FIFTY below zero for a steady month before Christmas! Could Santa Claus possibly come, even in Alaska, in such weather?—and could he bring a tree or his pack when it was so cold? Saint Matthew's Sunday-school had been rehearsing for some time—in fact, ever since Thanksgiving.

Of course we all hoped the thermometer, too, would have a warmer heart as the joyous time grew near, and would finally warm right up to the spirit of things. Then every one could come to the festival; not that it made any difference whether one or a hundred came, but at happy times it's always nicest to be happy with others, too, and so the happiness would just grow and grow with each newcomer.

But evidently that Mercury thought he would try us out and see how much we really cared about the Christmastide of which we had talked so much and for which we had planned so long. Of course he couldn't interfere with our home trees and entertainments, but would we really venture out, in spite of him, to face the cold air from the river, just to pay homage to the King in His own House?

On Christmas-eve it was colder, if possible, than ever. The bell rang out its message: "O ye frost and cold, bless ye the Lord."* Fifty below, and the air so heavy one could almost cut it with a knife. Breathing was no longer an involuntary process—we were acutely aware of the effort we put forth to warm that

*See cover.



SAINT MATTHEW'S, FAIRBANKS, AT CHRISTMAS

air before it reached our lungs, and distinctly aware of our tingling cheeks, nose, and toes before we had reached the church.

When we entered, however, we left thought of cold outside, for everything was bright and warm—and every seat was filled! Bright red bells and pungent fir branches covered the log beams of the church, and hung above the windows—and over in the corner near the choir seats stood a huge, shining Christmas tree. Old Mercury had certainly not stopped Santa from providing that, though it must have meant a long cold trip, to bring such a lovely one.

The Sunday-school children were quite invisible at first—a large curtain had been hung, at the front of the church, and a temporary stage erected behind it. The entertainment promised to be unusual and kept its promise.

When all had arrived, and muffs, mittens and mufflers were stowed away, the programme began. The carols were more beautiful than ever, or perhaps it only seemed so to us because the glow in our hearts contrasted so with the cold outside. Recitations from six-year-olds and four-year-olds, particularly one from little Henry Lumpkin, who joyously recited a line and then confidently turned to his father for the next one (though he had stated positively that very afternoon that he had said his piece a million times and knew it all by heart), were greeted with delight.

The six-year-old girls had even dared to wrap up their dollies well and bring them along to help. The *Spirit of Christmas*, with her maids, *Candlelight*, *Mistletoe*, *Holly Berry*, told us why they had come, and a wonderful shepherd told us the whole story of how he had found Christmas.

Now I suppose Saint Matthew's couldn't be sure at all that Santa would be able to come back again, after having brought the tree, so they had arranged for a Santa of their own. He was only nine years old, but he brought a whole pack of toys and he had just what each wanted, even if he did have to hunt and puff to find the fishing pole for *Simple Simon*, the candlestick for *Jack Be Nimble* and a plum for *Jack Horner*—only naughty *Tommy Green* was forgotten.

But then suddenly a familiar sound of sleigh bells was heard—every one held his breath—even the two babies, less than a year old, chuckled and crowed. The door opened—and there was Santa, very snowy and frosty, to be sure, but smiling and smiling, and carrying, as ever, a pack on his back. He had even heard about how well the boys had recited, and he stayed long enough to empty his sack, finding a package for every little child in the church. Then he disclosed another surprise—he had hidden a big box of gifts behind the tree, which he now brought forth, with a host of fat bags of candy.

After the final carols, when the books and tops and dolls were all rewrapped, and youngsters all bundled up, we started home—and isn't it strange?—we forgot to think of the cold at all.



DRESSED FOR THE CANTATA

The Reverend H. R. Carson stands at the left and the Reverend A. F. Nightengale at the right

Christmas Near the Equator

By Chaplain H. R. Carson

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth.

WERE a line to be drawn east from Panama, it would pass through Liberia and the heart of Africa, touching the most southern point of India; and were it to be drawn west from Panama, it would pass through the trackless Pacific, pierce the Philippines and be plunged into the China Sea; to the south, it would scarce touch land at all; but going north, it would enter the very heart of our eastern seaboard and come in close contact with our good neighbors of Canada. We like to think of this at Christmas. After all, despite the mile upon mile of sea that intervenes, the closest touch is with our kin in the homeland.

In our Saviour's day, Ephesus was the cross-roads of the world. This is Panama's distinction to-day. When the great canal of which every American is justly proud was opened to the commerce of the world, in 1913, many were eager to witness the realization of the dream that some day East and West, the twain, should meet. It was a wonderful vision and, save for the temporary check occasioned by the Great War, it would have been fully realized by Christmas of this year of grace.

What is Christmas in the tropics like? Our reply must be: The waving palms and the blazing sun cannot make Christmas anything else but Christmas.

For our faithful Church people, Christmas in Panama, for many years past, has begun with a midnight celebration of the Holy Eucharist in our loved Christ Church, Colon, but it quickly spreads and is taken up by all our congregations, all eager to give voice to the gladness at the return of the loved festival. Many of our people are of West Indian ancestry to whom our American Church ministers with the same faithfulness as is shown in the home island. Among the habits which bulk most largely, to which they are deeply wedded, is that of a *four* or *five* o'clock service on Christmas morning. So, whether at Palo Seco, at our Mission of the Holy Comforter to the Lepers, or at Gatun, or Paraiso, or Empire, or La Boca, or Chorrillo, or Panama, while it is yet dark, and the stars are ablaze in the clear atmosphere of a December night, our churches are crowded to the doors and hymns of praise burst from every soul.

Close to my quarters in the Ancon Hospital reservation, there is a large ward for West Indian patients, many of whom are incurable, yet throughout the night may be heard again and again, *O come, all ye faithful*. Ladies of Saint Luke's Church, Ancon, our only American congregation, see to it that they are supplied with Christmas cards and an abundance of fruit; as they also thoughtfully minister to the large hospital in Panama City and to another hospital at Corozal. Friendly Societies, as they are called, abound among the West Indians and have a deeply-rooted place in their lives; in the ritual of nearly all these and kindred societies there is an obligation to attend church on Christmas morning; and so, throughout the morning, there are many processions, often in fantastic and grotesque attire, seeking the church for the purpose of worship. There is no hour of the night for sleep and the common boast is that none was sought.

Among Americans making their home on the Isthmus, the celebrations are much after the fashion as at home, the newcomers always missing the Christmas tree and the frosty Christmas morning, all quickly adapting themselves to the tropical environment and discovering again, each one for himself, that it is Christmas everywhere.

There are many soldiers now quartered about the defenses of the Canal and there is an especial eagerness in seeking them out and seeing that the Christmas spirit and the Christmas cheer abound among our heroic defenders. Churchmen among them are looked up, and in this we are greatly aided by the offices of the Brotherhood of Saint Andrew, and the privilege of Christmas Communion eagerly proffered and in many cases seized with equal eagerness.

For the clergy, it is the busiest and happiest of days.

A year ago, a little band of Sunday-school children delighted their friends with the cantata, *The Star of Bethlehem*, and so increased their offering for the cause of missions. Another Sunday-school translated the Christian faith into Christian life by seeking an especially destitute Panamanian family and assuming the obligation of meeting its rent and supplying milk for the children for a large part of the ensuing year. An entire congregation, afflicted with a dread and hopeless disease, made a special offering which was to be sent to Japan and assist there in the building of a church in the diocese of Tokyo. Another had its priest accompany the health officer of Panama in his rounds seeking families to whom relief must be given immediately. Another followed its yearly rule of distributing with a lavish hand dinners to those who otherwise would have a hungry Christmas.

On all sides is the cheer, on all lips the greeting, "Merry Christmas" or *Feliz Pascua*, as the mother tongue might be, in every church praise and eucharistic worship. Close to the Equator and close to the heart of the blessed Festival!



CHRISTMAS CHOIR, HOLY INNOCENTS' MISSION, LAHAINA

Christmas in the Place of the Burning Sun

By Roberta Stevenson Caldwell

LAHAINA, the place of the burning sun, nestles and sleeps—so some say—under the shadow of Puukukui, which towers 5,000 feet behind us, and stretches its weary self along the palm-fringed shores of the sparkling sea. Up the slopes of the mountain, down to the sea, to Kaanapali and to Olowalu lies the vast acreage of waving sugar cane—the cane which has drawn the laborer from the East, and from the West, causing the mingling of races, and making the situation such as it is on these Blessed Isles of the Pacific.

Our little Hawaiians were born to the life of the tropics—to a life of freedom, where living comes easy, and where effort is almost too new to be considered vital. Lovable little children they are, with great brown eyes expressing to those who know them a sense of bewilderment at the inroads of the white man and the oriental. Japanese children are here in plenty, indeed, they make up the bulk of the population. There are Chinese children, Filipino, Portuguese, and a mixture of them all. A heritage from the heathen lands of the East, problems from the lands of the West, as well as a battle with the superstitions of the old Hawaiians, confront us.

Each year as Christmastide rolls round, we have new children to hear the Christmas Story—little ones who learn of the



THE MISSION SCHOOLHOUSE, LAHAINA

birth of Christ for the first time, who know no Christmas cheer in their own homes. We have the joy of watching the Spirit of the Nativity wax warm in those who have been with us as the years have passed. Year after year they relearn the beautiful story. It is a keen satisfaction to watch the knowing smile which settles upon the faces of those who are old with us when they hear once more,

For behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.

This year our Christmas came to us in the midst of the trying news from Russia. Our boys and girls know of the world's sorrow. It would not have been in keeping with the teaching of our patriotic Church to have lavished Christmas giving upon our fortunate little ones. We would not, however, heap the sadness of the world upon them by depriving them of all mirth and good will. Therefore, we were happy to receive a most generous box from the Junior Auxiliary of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York City. It is such a pity that the girls of the homeland cannot see the joy which their loving work creates. It is a pleasure for them to send, but no words can express the happiness it brings to the workers in these distant parts. Our hearts certainly do swell with gratitude toward those who think of us at home.

The spirit of giving has entered into the hearts of our children, too. Without a flicker of disappointment they received the information that there was to be very little candy, and no orange. They believed that by giving up these things willingly they were helping the children of Europe. Well we know why the usual check did not come for our Christmas tree this year. We have always felt a sincere *aloha* toward our friend who has supplied



FUTURE CHURCHWOMEN OF LAHAINA

our candy and fruit for years, and we appreciate her loyalty to the more urgent needs of our country.

We have patriotic boys and girls in Lahaina, who honor the American flag and who pray for the peace of the world. We shall never forget the fire which shot from the eyes of Roger as he rushed into the schoolroom after a service, and burst forth in his energetic style—"What's the good of praying unless you *do* something? I can buy Liberty Bond. I save my shine money. Good for me buy Liberty Bonds!" So Roger bought his first Liberty Bond, and fell to work with his shine box to rebuild his capital. His business has grown since the news of his bond became public property, and already he has the capital with which to purchase a bond of the third issue. He has inspired Toyana to follow suit, so in time Toyana will have helped his country too. These two boys are *our* boys, baptized in infancy, and have "grown up" in the Church-school. They are both Hawaiian-Chinese-Americans. We love them and are proud to claim their loyal little hearts.

There are others who show the influence of the Church and her teaching. When disappointments come—as they come to people in all walks of life—we need only to remember that the Kingdom of God was not built in a twinkling of an eye. Depression vanishes quickly in this tropical clime, and, too, we have always the example of our optimistic bishop, whose heart is filled with love for his children, and whom the children love dearly.

Thus we have passed through the Christmas season trying to teach these little Americans the love of country—the love of Christ. May they realize the meaning of the words they sing so lustily; *Peace on earth—good will to all mankind.*



SAINT JOHN'S, ONIGUM, AT CHRISTMASTIDE

Christmas at Onigum

By Pauline Colby

FOR days before Christmas the Churchwomen had been busy making the garlands, wreaths and stars with the evergreens that the men had gathered, and, bringing them into the church, the men had placed them. The little mission house had been a very busy place with the unpacking of boxes and barrels sent by the Juniors of far-away Vermont, Georgia, Alabama and Illinois. There had been much selecting, arranging and marking of the gifts; many anxious consultations as to whether *Quaynib* or *Owenibequa* needed the warm new quilt most, and whom the overcoat would best fit, *Dah-dah-bo-shosh* or *Ne-tah-wah-be-tung*? Had Clara Minkeye outgrown dolls, and would a work-bag fitted up with all that a little seamstress could want be better suited to her?—and so on. But finally everything was tied up and marked and ready for distribution.

The day dawned clear and cold—very white and glistening in its robe of snow and frost. Thirty-eight below zero and a stiff breeze straight from the North Pole. Just such weather as we are proud of in December in northern Minnesota. Our little church, Saint John's Mercer Memorial, has lately been moved from its uncertain site on the banks of the lake, where the waters were undermining it, and been thoroughly renovated. It presents a very fine appearance in its new gray coat with white trimmings, and the interior is as fine as new concrete and fresh paint can make it.

When we entered we found it a perfect bower of fragrant evergreens. Garlands and wreaths of cedar and pine, interwoven with the red rose hips and the berries of the bitter-sweet, outlined every door and window, covered the chancel rail and hung in graceful festoons from the ceiling, while bright red bells, little and big, gave a touch of warm color to the deep green everywhere. We came from the dazzling white and stinging cold into this fragrant warmth to worship and to partake of the Sacrament of the Holy Communion. The beautiful service was well attended and the sermon was one which filled the hearer with a deep sense of the supreme importance of the coming of the Holy Babe. We left the church reluctantly, the sun was shining brightly through the beautiful stained glass windows, making them glisten like jewels worthy to be offered to the King's Son. We had indeed worshipped the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

In the evening the church bell again summoned the people, and again they came from far and near, across miles of frozen lakes, through deep pine forests, on foot and in sleighs, old and young, big and little, until there was hardly standing room. Everyone was welcomed, everyone wedged in somehow and somewhere. The babies emerged from their numerous wrappings of blankets and shawls like butterflies from their cocoons and they

gurgled and cooed to find themselves free in the light and warmth. But all the subdued chatter and noise stopped when *Kichi nodin equa* seated herself at the organ, and began playing the Christmas hymn *Kichitua Tibicut* (Silent Night, Holy Night). The strain was taken up by the whole congregation, who joined reverently too in the service and listened attentively to the brief sermon which followed. Then twelve of the little Sunday-school girls sang very sweetly in English Luther's *Cradle Hymn*.

At a signal from the priest, in the twinkling of an eye the green monarch of the forest which stood laden with many gifts, but dusky, blazed into sudden glory, with the many little electric bulbs which hung from every branch, and were starry bright and safe. Then did the young men and maidens of the church strip the tree of its burden of sweets, in pretty bags of pink or white netting, and as fast as possible distribute them to the eager crowd. The toys for the children followed, and there were dolls in beautiful raiment, trumpets that were put into immediate use, marbles, harmonicas, balls, books, neckties, handkerchiefs, work bags, stationery, and many other things. Next came the bundles of clothing to the old and the wee little ones; quilts for the sick, packages of tea and tobacco equally dear to *ah-qu-en-cie* (old man) and to *nin-de-mo-ya* (old woman). Everyone was remembered and made happy with a gift.

The tree was finally bare of everything but the lights, the tinsel, popcorn and glittering ornaments. The piles of clothing and quilts had disappeared under the individual shawls and coats, a lull had fallen upon the congregation, and then they all joined in singing the Doxology. Nowhere in the broad land was there a happier crowd on Christmas night than the congregation and guests of Saint John's Church as they wended their way homeward. They had the memory of a beautiful service in which they had rendered glory to God, and good will to man.

To many of these dwellers in the lonely places of the earth, this Christmas festival is the event of the year, and in some strange way they reckon the time for it accurately, and appear at the church that one day in the year, taking away not only the tangible evidence of brotherly Christian love, but an assurance that they are God's children and not forgotten.

I heard of one poor old woman who returned to her lonely cabin on Bear Island after her first Christmas festival, and gathered about her two or three other heathen women and told them of the wonders she had witnessed and heard; showed them the gifts she had received, and attempted with the few poor things she could get hold of to show them what a Christmas tree should look like.

That happened many years ago. There is none now, even among the Grand Medicine Indians, who has not been present at a Christmas service, and we wish that all who have contributed so much to the happiness of these darker brothers and sisters could be present to see for themselves how they have made a Blessed Christmas possible on a Minnesota reservation.



ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, GUANTANAMO

Christmas in Guantánamo

By the Reverend William Watson

CHRISTMAS itself is always a great strain on the missionaries as the Church must provide attractions to counteract the evil drum dances and the debauchery which usually prevails, with the people sitting up all night and racing through the streets. So the church opens its doors on Christmas-eve at nine o'clock, and there are always people waiting to take their places in the church. At ten o'clock services begin with the singing of evensong. After evensong a few carols are sung, and then Christmas morning is anticipated by the singing of Morning Prayer. After Morning Prayer, during the singing of a carol, the people—who have provided themselves with candles—all light their candles and file out of the church door by way of the sacristy, out into the street and round the corner into the next street and then back into the church, singing *Adeste Fideles*.

The Cuban people stand on the sidewalk, uncover their heads and gaze with great interest at the procession of several hundred people.

The church is always crowded to the doors on this occasion. On the return to the church the Holy Communion is cele-

brated and for the only time in the year fragrant clouds of incense fill the sacred edifice and the people with emotion and devotion approach to partake of the sacred elements. This service ends at half-past one, and then the people go home as they are told and go to bed instead of following their old custom and racing the streets.

Last Christmas before daybreak I was up and on my way in a special car provided by the railroad to the naval station twenty-five miles away, and there out of doors, using a card-table for an altar, I celebrated the Holy Communion. All of the officers and a great many of the men were present at that service, and it was a great satisfaction to me to be able to carry the Christmas Message to so many Churchmen who were at a long distance from their homes. The past year has given the missionary many an opportunity to be of very practical service to such as these, and has also brought the Church into the lives of many to whom she was hitherto unknown.

Following the service there was dinner with some of the petty officers on their porch and I had the pleasure of sitting in a chair that had been removed from the steamship *Vaterland*, now the *Leviathan*, on the trial trip down to the naval station. The opportunity was taken of going to the mess hall and speaking a word of greetings to all the sailors there assembled enjoying the bountiful repast which Uncle Sam provides on big feast days.

Then there was a hurried trip back to Guantanamo, twenty-five miles away, to preach the Christmas sermon to the Independent and Loyal Order of Shepherds. The procession on its way to the church was disbanded by the rural guards in spite of the fact that the *alcalde* had given them written permission to have their procession from the lodge to the church. On hearing the news I went down to the *Como del Chibo* (Goat Hall) to find out what was the trouble. They told me their story and also said the lieutenant of the guards was fighting cocks in the cockpit. So I proceeded to the cockpit and hauled the gentleman out from his pastime and demanded an explanation. He said that he had given orders for the guards to accompany the procession and not to disperse it. But the truth of the matter was that the military and civil authorities were at loggerheads and it was a splendid opportunity for the military to show how they could countermand orders of the civil authorities.

At seven o'clock at night we began our Christmas festivities in the churchyard. At seven the town band came and played and the people danced until eight. At eight the children gave their mystery plays, songs and recitations, and after that they received their presents. Over two hundred children, actual attendants in the Sunday-school, received gifts. At eleven the missionaries went home the best way they could. We had our Christmas dinner two days after because it took that long to get ready for it after we recovered from the festivities!



OUTDOOR STAGE FOR CHRISTMAS PLAY, ANKING

Christmas in China

By the Reverend L. R. Craighill

I WISH I could make you see our mission station at Anking just as it is. Perhaps the best way would be for you to imagine you are making the journey yourself. From the big Pacific steamer you land in Shanghai, but in Shanghai they have street cars, automobiles, movies and foreign buildings, so we will not stop there long but will get up river where there are not so many foreigners.

You will have two days on the river steamer, but there is something so restful about the great expanse of yellow water of the Yangtse and there are such interesting old junks sailing by from time to time and pagodas and walled cities and dragon mountains to be seen along the course that you will not find these days tiresome. It is fortunate you can get a good rest on the way, for the third night you are apt to be aroused about two a. m. with the news that you are approaching Anking. Even this you will not mind after you are up, for it is such a novel experience landing amid that excited mob of coolies who offer to carry your trunks into the city, and then arriving at the city wall and being assisted by the soldiers through the massive iron-studded gates, and then being carried in your sedan chair by four coolies



SAINT JAMES'S HOSPITAL, ANKING



CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY SAVIOUR, ANKING

through the narrow, silent streets with the shop-fronts all boarded up against robbers, and finally arriving at the gates of the mission compound. Once inside those gates and you will feel quite at home again amidst the foreign buildings with their lawns and flowers.

Let us suppose you are arriving in time to spend Christmas at Anking. You will see the most joyous side of mission life there, but I warn you it will be a strenuous time. You will start with the Christmas tree at Saint James's Hospital, Christmas-eve—a real Christmas tree bright with candles and hung with dolls and toys and bags of candy which people at home have sent out for the little Chinese boys and girls. Gathered around are the sick folks, men, women and children, some with bandaged heads and limbs, some able to sit up, and some on cots, but in the eyes of even the feeblest there is a light that cannot entirely be considered a reflection from the bright candles. They understand the Christmas story as Dr. Taylor reads it in their native tongue even if you do not, but you too can hum those Christmas tunes the Chinese nurses are singing, for they are the same as you sing at home. You can understand the jabber of those children too as they receive their toys and sweets, for their eyes translate for you.

You will think you have surely dreamed this trip to China when you are wakened from sleep in the early hours of Christmas morning by the sound of the carols, such as *The First Noel*, *God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen*, *Silent Night*, *Oh Come All Ye Faithful*. Hardly have the boys from Saint Paul's High School finished before the nurses come, then the girls from Saint Agnes's and finally the little fellows from the Choir School. They call back a real "Merry Christmas" in English too when you greet them from your window.

Breakfast over, there begins a perfect stream of Chinese friends and Church members come to express their good wishes. But soon the sound of the great bell from the cathedral across the city reminds us it is time to go to church. In the walk over to the cathedral what a contrast there is between the scenes of peace and good will we have just left and the atmosphere of the stolid, squalid shops and houses we pass. But once within the spacious walls of the cathedral with its Christmas decorations of evergreen, you once more feel there is a spirit of thanksgiving for the great gift of Christmas expressed in the prayers of minister and congregation and in the hymns the white-robed choir boys sing so heartily.

One of the most enjoyable experiences of the day you will find at the Sunday-school celebration at Grace Chapel, the little church in the surroundings of poverty we passed on our way to the cathedral. There is something so simple about the little congregation gathered there, you at once feel at home and find yourself joining readily with the children and their parents in their joy over this bright spot in their meager lives.



"EVEN THE BIG GIRLS AND THE LITTLE BOYS ARE THRILLED OVER DOLLS FROM THE TREE"
One of our volunteer helpers stands in the doorway

Christmas in the Virginia Mountains

By Elsie Binns

HERE was once a man who lived in a beautiful house, well furnished and comfortable. He spent most of his time, however, in a little room at the top of the house. The walls of the room were lined with mirrors; even where windows might have been there were mirrors, but the man thought the room very large and the view very extensive. After a while, however, he felt dissatisfied. There was a sameness about the view which made it uninteresting, and besides he found himself wishing that his eyes were different, his nose not so crooked, his mouth not so large and so on. Now near, now far, the same figure would appear, often looming so large as to obscure everything else. But he still thought his house very spacious and did not realize that all around him were only mirrors repeating and repeating himself.

At last one day a fairy came along and rubbed all the quicksilver from the backs of the mirrors, and, lo and behold, instead of mirrors there were windows, and there, stretched out before him, lay a wonderful landscape instead of the same old room he had looked at so long, and people coming and going instead of the same old self of whom he was so tired—and his house seemed as large as the whole universe.

If anyone feels the need of turning some of his mirrors into windows let him spend a Christmas in the mountains of Virginia. There, a Christmas tree is not an old story but one full of interest and of amazing possibilities. Nothing can exceed the friendly spirit of co-operation which is to be found among the mountain people. They are not asking for charity; they are only so ready to respond when we stretch out our hands and touch theirs, not in a would-be philanthropic spirit but as comrades working together for a common cause.

It is at Christmas time that the work of the mission seems to come to a focus; it is of Christmas that tales may be told which warm our hearts and stir our energies; but all through the year the work goes on. With Deaconess Williams as guide, counselor and friend, a succession of workers holds the fort. Week in, week out, with "patience and fortitude, generosity and self-control" they "carry on" courageously.

Christmas trees sometimes bear strange and wonderful fruit, but this time it was more strange and wonderful than usual, consisting in part of logs and window frames, teachers and furniture, in fact, of almost a whole school-house. Down from the mountain we came that first snowy Christmas when all the presents had been distributed and all the people had gone home. (See *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS* for March, 1917.) Such castles as we built in that wonderful mountain air! And almost before we were ready to believe it, the people themselves were ready

with foundations for the castles. Literal foundations they were too, for they furnished land and logs for a real school house and did the work themselves; other friends helped with the roof, furnishings and teachers (at least temporary ones) and soon Sunday-school and day-school were joyful realities. Some of the men were encouraged to take a short course for farmers at a nearby Polytechnic, so there is hope for the little farms perched so high on the mountains, that the chickens will not be so skinny nor the corn so scanty.

That first Christmas tree (1915) in the little cabin on the Ridge was just the beginning. The "parties" it bore were symbolic of the good things to come and its own spire-like form, like its relative, the Gothic Cathedral, was truly an expression of the hopes and aspirations of the people. Of the hundred eager guests present then, not one of them had seen a Christmas tree or heard the Christmas story, while only two short years later nearly three hundred people joined heartily and reverently in the service and sang the Christmas hymns with great spirit.

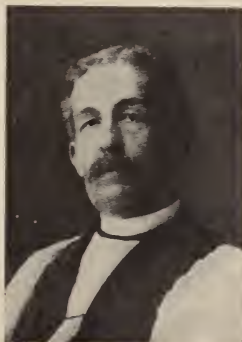
The really thrilling part of Christmas, 1917, came, as it has done for two years now, when our faithful friends from the Ridge came with their "beasts" to pilot Santa Claus and his Christmas "parties" up the mountain. Unhappily a driving rain had set in and the way was so slippery that one of the horses slipped and dislocated her shoulder, so the party was obliged to make the first two miles on foot. The last three miles up the mountain were made in state with a mule and three horses, one of them blind, and none of them rough shod, and as the way led over frozen creeks and slippery rocks, the riding was anything but comfortable. There were nearly three hundred people at the school house, where the tree had been erected and which, emptied of everything but the stoves and a piano, was large enough for all. How they did sing the national hymns and Christmas carols! It seemed as if they must have known them all their lives. From the fireless cooker as a pulpit, the little Deaconess told the Christmas story, and nothing in all her work thrills her, I imagine, quite as much as talking to these eager, hungry people of the mountains. Then came the distributing of gifts and candy, something for everyone whose name was on the Sunday-school roll and then something for all the others so that no one need go away empty handed. After the service no less than thirty-six people went to dinner with a hospitable neighbor and his wife in their little two-roomed cabin. There was, as there always is in the homes of these faithful friends of the Ridge, the sweetest spirit of hospitality and generous help. With genuine tact and friendliness they give of what they have and no apologies are dreamed of by hostess or guest. To add to the good cheer one of the men played a banjo while another danced, and how the latter did "shake his foot"! Hard though it was to leave all this and start on the homeward walk of five miles in a blinding snow-storm, it seemed just the right ending for Christmas Day. Once more "Happy Christmas" had been made a reality on the Ridge.

FRANCIS KEY BROOKE, D.D.

BISHOP OF OKLAHOMA

Consecrated Feast of the Epiphany, 1893

Died October 22, 1918



At its meeting on November 12, 1918, the executive committee of the Board of Missions passed the following minute:

Whereas: *The Right Reverend Francis Key Brooke, Doctor of Divinity and for the last twenty-five years a bishop of the Church in the missionary district of Oklahoma, has rendered his final earthly accounting and on October 22, 1918, passed from the Church Militant into the Church Expectant:*

Resolved: *That the Board of Missions hereby notes this fact upon its minutes, and in addition places on record its gratitude to Almighty God for the good example and faithful service of His servant and our fellow-worker in the extension of the Kingdom of God within the borders of these United States.*

Called to the unique position of primary bishop of a state born in a day, Dr. Brooke went to his task in Oklahoma endowed with a disposition of singular sweetness and a rare charm of mind and manner, which won friends for the Church wherever he ministered as a Shepherd and Pastor of the flock. A material record of his work can be found in the hospital, the hostel for Churchwomen, the cathedral, the bishop's house, and in churches, parish houses and rectories, for the erection of which he spent himself unreservedly, and wisely administered such funds as came to him through the years of his episcopate.

The Board also learns with gratitude that his spiritual ministry has left an ecclesiastical household determined to maintain and carry forward all those missionary ideals which Bishop Brooke ever strove to inculcate in his priests and congregations.

To the Church at large, the Board commends for emulation the good example of a faithful soldier of Jesus Christ, who bore his pain of body and the disappointments of his ministry with uncomplaining devotion and a steadfast faith. The Board prays God to rest the soul of His servant and to grant to him and his household that peace which He has promised to those who unfeignedly love Him.

Resolved: *That a copy of this minute be sent to the family of Bishop Brooke, with an added expression of the Board's sympathy for Mrs. Brooke and her children in their sense of personal loss and bereavement.*

In Memoriam

PROFOUND sympathy is felt for Bishop Rowe, Archdeacon Stuck, and the Alaskan mission generally, in the loss, under distressing circumstances, of three members of the staff within as many days. A presbyter and two lay workers, all in the prime of life and with every promise for the future—their sudden taking away is a severe blow to the Church.

The Reverend Philip Howard Williams was a native of Maryland and a graduate of the Virginia Theological Seminary. He was appointed in February, 1915, and went at once to Tanana, where our new hospital for the native people had just been opened at the Mission of Our Saviour. For three years Mr. Williams cared for the work at the native mission and also for that at the town of Tanana, where we have a chapel for white people, and where he did most efficient work at the army post which was used as the center for all drafted men in the interior of Alaska. After his three years of service Mr. Williams decided to return to the States. Arriving at his home in Baltimore when the influenza epidemic was at its height, he was immediately stricken and died on October 28 after a very brief illness. An earnest and faithful man, of fine spirit and good capacity, he will be greatly missed.

On October 28 Governor Riggs ordered all the flags in Alaska at half-mast in recognition of the worst catastrophe in the history of the territory. The *Princess Sophia*, bound from Skagway to the States, struck a reef during a wild storm of wind and snow on the night of October 25 and went down with all on board. Among those lost were Walter Harper and wife of Fort Yukon. A native Alaskan, young

Harper had been Archdeacon Stuck's travelling companion and interpreter since boyhood. He was recently married to Miss Frances Wells, who had been for a year one of our nurses at Saint Stephen's Hospital, Fort Yukon. Miss Wells was a Philadelphian, a graduate of the Training School of the Episcopal Hospital in Philadelphia, where she was head nurse for a year. Before joining the Alaskan mission she took a four months' course at the Church Training and Deaconess House in Philadelphia. Soon after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Harper left for the States, as Mr. Harper hoped to join the aviation service.

The name of Walter Harper is familiar to all readers of Archdeacon Stuck. It will be recalled how in *The Ascent of Denali*, he was the first man to reach the summit, and it was he who thrust into the snow the cross rudely fashioned from a tent pole round which the little party stood to say the *Te Deum*. Only last month we published in THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS the archdeacon's account of *A Wild Ride* down the Tanana River in the launch *Pelican*, undertaken in a vain attempt to save the life of an Indian child who had been badly scalded. "All night long," he says, "Walter was at the wheel with the steering window wide open despite the rain that beat upon his face, peering into the darkness . . . It is just such an occasion as this that puts my friend and companion of many journeys (of which this is the last) on his mettle." The archdeacon's words were prophetic; it was indeed the last time this courageous and resourceful friend was to accompany him on his errands of mercy. It will be long before his place is filled.



HOW THE TIDAL WAVE SWEEPED INTO MAYAGUEZ

THE EARTHQUAKE IN PORTO RICO

By Bishop Colmore

THE quake came on Friday, October eleventh, at 10.30 in the morning. Our house in San Juan shook like a palm leaf hut, and we find now that there are three big cracks in the outside concrete walls. On the whole, however, there was little or no damage in San Juan, so we never thought there would be more in other places, until that night, when Judge del Toro returned by auto from Mayaguez with the news of what had occurred there. No telegraph or telephone was in use and the train could not get past the tunnels. I made arrangements to go over by automobile.

It is difficult to describe the look of Mayaguez. As we entered the place we saw the Agricultural College building which had been burned out, from the overthrow of the chemicals in the laboratory. Two of the three bridges were out of commission, and houses

lying in the streets on every hand. On the plaza, the church is badly damaged, both towers and the facade being ruined; on the corner where there was a café and the postoffice downstairs and a club upstairs, the building is completely down. All along on both sides of the plaza the buildings are either in ruins or so badly cracked that it will hardly be possible to repair them.

Our new buildings in Mayaguez, where the greatest damage was done, are as solid as the day they were put there. The first has the roof on now and the second is up to the second story. I was afraid that the fresh concrete might have cracked, but we could not find any damage at all. I should say that about 25 per cent. of all the buildings in Mayaguez have been destroyed, either thrown down completely or so badly damaged that they cannot be repaired. Few wooden

The Earthquake in Porto Rico

or concrete houses were hurt, but the old brick and *mamposteria*, i. e., stone and mortar, went down like ten-pins. I found the Saylor and Miss Gonzalez well. They put up a shed in the yard and took their beds out there and slept. The shakes continued for days and still occur here at infrequent intervals, and every time they feel it there, there is a wild screaming and grand scramble out of the houses that are left. This is one occasion in which the rich have suffered more directly than the poor, for the poor mostly lived in wooden houses.

I had word from Mr. Haughwout that all were well in Ponce, but that the hospital was badly damaged and he thought permanently uninhabitable. I left Mayaguez, therefore, on Monday afternoon and went to Ponce to look after things there. Found the town very much better off than the others. Only two deaths had resulted directly from the quake, but many houses uninhabitable, among them the telephone building, so they were without communication, local or with the Island.

Mr. Haughwout had gone to Mayaguez with seven of Saint Luke's nurses who had volunteered and formed a unit to help the Red Cross. This, by the way, was tremendously successful, and they have been a great assistance and have been highly commended by the Red Cross. I went to the rectory, where I found they were sleeping at nights in the garden or garage. At the hospital I found things pretty bad. The walls of the main building were badly cracked, mainly, I think, because the mortar was nothing but sand and crumbled at a touch. They had moved all the patients out and had them in the nurses' home, which is of wood.



"SHAKEN TO PIECES"

Miss Hicks had promptly released two classes of nurses and sent away to the city hospitals the charity patients that could be discharged, and withdrew the hospital into the smaller quarters. The long ward, one story high, below the chapel, was not hurt except some plaster was shaken from the partition walls, but everyone had been moved out of it also.

The two ends of the building facing the city were badly cracked and crumbled, and I think should be rebuilt in the first story. The second story is not hurt except the plastering, which has practically all come down.

It has been a tremendous experience, and we received the least of it here in San Juan. Everyone of our workers has behaved splendidly, and the popular opinion is that the Saylor have become indispensable to the community. The old church in Ponce was not hurt a bit.

At its meeting on November twelfth, the Executive Committee of the Board of Missions authorized Bishop Colmore to take steps to repair Saint Luke's Hospital, Ponce. It is earnestly hoped that special gifts will be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. George Gordon King, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., for this purpose. An initial gift of \$500 has been made—about \$6,000 is needed.

A COUNCIL WELL WORTH WHILE

By the Reverend Francis S. White

EVERYWHERE in America self-satisfied people are being jarred into action. The Episcopal Church is no exception to the rule. All men and women are being awakened to the necessity of making present and practical the visions that *some* men and women have long been advocating. The Woman's Auxiliary, with its *Adventure Call*; the Brotherhood of Saint Andrew with its Advance Programme; the Missions Board with its plans for approaching and understanding the so-called "alien" or "foreigner" and interpreting to him the Church in America; the General Board of Religious Education with its new programme which will vitalize the intellectual life of every department of the home, the school, the college and the seminary; the Social Service Commission which is planning to help Churchmen in their preparation for the part they are to take in the new social reconstructions which must come when "Labor after the War" begins a new and vital programme—all these factors of Church life are shaping policies which, if followed, will make for a most effective presentation of the principles and life of Jesus Christ.

In line with these stirrings for and strivings after a better expression of a better sort, the recent Council of Continental Domestic Missionary Bishops might, perhaps, be classed. It met in Cheyenne, Wyoming, at the house of Bishop Thomas, Wednesday, October ninth, and continued in session until Sunday, October thirteenth. Those present were Bishops Funsten, Thomas, Howden, Sanford, Hunting, Burleson, Page, and Touret. The Reverend Dr. Gardner, general secretary of the General Board of Religious Education, and the Reverend F. S. White, the domestic secretary of the

Board of Missions, were also in attendance. Great distances kept Bishop Mann and Bishop Horner from attending. Bishops Paddock and Remington are in France. Illness or convalescence detained Bishops Brooke, Beecher, Thurston and Temple. "Unbreakable" engagements deprived the council of the presence of Bishops Sage, Tyler and Atwood. The sessions were full of interest and revelation, and everyone left the council feeling that things were in the making there, the outcome of which could not help but make for a better day in the life of the Church throughout that part of it which is called the Domestic Mission Field.

Space does not permit much comment on the proceedings of the council. Resolutions embodying a consensus of the convictions of those present were adopted, and these are submitted with the preface that if you had been present you would have seen that actions and policies were proposed in their final shape only after careful, and in more than one instance, prayerful consideration.

In the field of Religious Education, in which, of course, these districts are greatly interested, thirteen of them having secondary schools within their domains, the following resolutions followed the reading and subsequent discussion of a paper by Bishop Funsten on *Church Institutions in the Domestic Mission Field*:

1. We accept this definition of a Church School: "An institution duly incorporated in which the property is legally secured for the Church and in which the influence of Churchmen is dominant and permanent."

2. We record our conviction that Church Schools have been a primary factor in the development of the Church in the West, and that they have

A Council Well Worth While

an important place in our missionary policy.

3. If we are to secure the best results, there should be co-ordination of interest and effort among ourselves, and a certain territory should be recognized as a special sphere for each school.

4. We urge the immediate consideration of the whole subject of Church Schools by the General Board of Religious Education.

Bishop Funsten's paper also dealt with hospitals under Church control, and the council expressed its mind on that and kindred institutions in the following way:

Resolved: That this council of missionary bishops recognizing the great value of Church hospitals, sanatoria and other charitable institutions, such as children's homes, etc., as important opportunities for sacrifice and service in the development of our missionary districts, gives such benevolent work our hearty approval and support.

Resolved: Further, that a standing committee of three be appointed to carefully review any plans for the starting of new institutions or the suspending of any existing Church institutions in our domestic missionary field.

That, pending the adoption of some plan by the general Church whereby the Church shall enlist and organize the co-operation of physicians who are Churchmen for the medical and healing work, the committee may, as occasion arises, temporarily add to its number physicians, within or without the territory represented by this council, to the end that the healing profession may be enlisted and officially recognized in any plans that the council of continental bishops may have for hospital work.

That a copy of the above report be sent to the Joint Commission on Social Service, with the request that they consider whether the fostering of hospitals and charitable institutions of the Church be not a proper function of their commission.

One whole day was given over to a very valuable and illuminating discussion of the Indian Work, led by Bishops Thomas and Burleson, in the course of which it developed that there are many sides to consider in the maintenance of a comprehensive policy of

aiding the State in Christianizing and Americanizing the various Indian tribes in the United States.

To Bishop Burleson fell the interesting and practical discussion of *A Common Budget*. After the reading of the paper the council went into a committee of the whole, and when full and free discussion was over, the committee arose and presented the following, which was adopted:

1. This council of missionary bishops believes that a common budget for the work of the continental domestic missionary field is desirable, and asks the Board of Missions to underwrite it.

2. This budget should include all proposed expenditures of the continental domestic missionary bishops for (a) salaries and travel, (b) institutions, (c) buildings, and (d) miscellaneous needs, for the ensuing year.

3. It shall be the duty of the executive committee of this council:

(1) To prepare and present to the Board of Missions the annual budget of the continental domestic missionary bishops.

(2) To formulate in conference with the Board of Missions plans whereby the bishops may co-operate with the Board in the raising of funds for missionary work.

4. The bishops shall continue to solicit and receive specials to apply on the budget. They may also solicit specials for needs not included in the budget, approved by the executive committee of this council and the Board of Missions.

5. To increase the efficiency of the work in the domestic field, the bishops request full discretion in the expenditure of their appropriations, but they ask for a rigid review of such expenditures by the Board.

6. The bishops pledge their personal service and all their available resources to assure the success of the plan outlined in these resolutions.

The Council further directed that the following statement be sent to the Board of Missions as a further indication of its mind:

A Statement. The continental domestic missionary bishops would suggest to the Board of Missions that the theory which makes the administrative

A Council Well Worth While

needs of the domestic field parallel with those of the foreign is largely fallacious. Our problem is far more nearly coincident with that of the dioceses. Our task is to make dioceses. Our enterprise is not and cannot be segregated from that of the dioceses. The questions of remoteness, foreign habitat, alien language, and permanence of tenure of workers, etc., are not factors in our domestic work. We should hope that in considering problems of the domestic field the Board would think from the diocese to the missionary district, and not from the foreign field back to the domestic.

A Free Hand. The council of missionary bishops makes this declaration not by reason of any unwillingness to acknowledge and accept the propriety of oversight by the Board. Our statement does not concern episcopal prerogative, but administrative efficiency. We are more than willing to be held accountable for results, but we cannot feel that the best interests of the Church are served by any plan which might diminish or paralyze the initiative of the bishop. In the matter of launching new enterprises we have voluntarily established a check in the form of an advisory executive committee of our own body; and in case of the normal regular work, we feel that if we are to do the most and best with the money entrusted to us we should be left unhampered as to our processes, but invite a careful review at the close of each year.

Appointment of Missionaries on Foreign Basis. This council would welcome any means which would secure an adequate supply of efficient clergy and tend to prevent mistakes in the making of missionary appointments. Application papers, testimonials and formal appointment by the Board after the manner of the plan followed in the foreign field might be largely useful to this end, but our experience leads us to believe that the inevitable delays involved in this somewhat complicated process, were it to become invariably obligatory, would cause the work to take more damage than an occasional error of judgment on the part of the missionary bishop. We would call attention to the fact that the result of such possible error in the domestic field is not comparable with that in the foreign.

Bishop Beecher's paper on *Standards of Clergymen and Their Salaries*

brought forth the following expressions:

It is the sense of this council that the standard salary for a married priest in the white field shall be \$1,200 and a house.

This committee thinks it is desirable that when a married priest in the domestic missionary field has remained three years in one place, his salary should be increased at the rate of \$100 a year until it reaches \$1,500, provided his work justifies such increase.

Bishop Touret's paper on *Clerical Education* ended with a series of resolutions which were adopted:

Resolved: (1) That a closer relation be sought between the Church theological schools and the missionary bishops, and

(2) That a committee of three bishops be appointed by the president of the council (he himself to be a member) to canvass the situation, and with some constructive plan to report at our next meeting.

(3) This committee to determine, if possible:

(a) The practicability of having courses regularly given in at least one or more eastern seminaries, by men from our western field.

(b) The chance of including, in the seminary budget, the expense incurred for these courses.

(c) The development of a consciousness and the creation of a process whereby the mission field may have the first call upon the early years of the men in our seminaries.

(d) In view of the recruiting power of a seminary in a given locality, and because of the certain increase of population in the West and the future development of state universities, the committee is requested to consider the advisability of establishing a theological school for the West, near a western state university, that the faculty of the same may be used as supplementary aid.

There were other things accomplished by the bishops in their council, but the above resolutions embody the outstanding things which, if brought to pass, must develop the work of the Church in an unprecedented manner. If it does—to God be the glory!

THE EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

W. C. STURGIS, PH.D., SECRETARY

IN view of the widespread ignorance regarding the Church's Mission existing among the laymen of the Church, I suggested at the recent Convention of the Brotherhood of Saint Andrew, at Northfield, that an effort be made by all chapters throughout the United States to remedy this defect. My proposal is that in every chapter which includes a Bible class among its activities, the topic of the Church's Mission be substituted for the regular topic of study, for a definite period, preferably the coming season of Epiphany.

There are two books, either of which might profitably be used in this connection. First, *The Why and How of Missions*, a simple but fundamental setting forth of why the Church has a mission in the world and what that mission is. Secondly, *Our Church and Our Country*, which emphasizes the necessity of developing and maintaining in this country the essential elements of Christian democracy, besides giving some account of the domestic missionary field. Both of these books are accompanied by simple and full suggestions to leaders of classes, thus making it possible for any man of average intelligence to conduct the course.

Few people realize how important have been the bearings of Missions upon the War. The influence of Anglican and American Missions in China, for example, was a potent factor in determining that nation to cast in her lot with the Allies. From Africa comes the pathetic appeal to Christendom that the former German colonies there be never restored to her. This opens up new responsibilities of vast magnitude which the

American Church, with others, must be prepared to face. How can we face them unless we know at least something of her missionary appeal.

No less weighty, possibly more so, will be other problems of the period of peace discussion and of reconstruction. Men of affairs from the Orient have stated that the future of China depends upon Japan. How are we to help Japan to discharge this fearful responsibility in a manner worthy of a Christian nation? The answer is only to be found in an accurate understanding of what has been accomplished by the Christian Church in Japan and what still remains to be done in order that she and her great neighbor may be prepared, *as neighbors*, to take their part in the new world-order.

And what of the Immigrant in this country? Will the vast tide of immigration which many expect after the war prove a blessing or a curse; will America be able to receive this surging mass and to imprint upon its individual members her ideals of freedom and democracy, or will she be swamped by the tide? These and similar questions throng upon us insistently. The successful solution of such dire problems rests with the Christian Church in America. Have you and I any such knowledge of the Immigrant—his home-land, his native habits and customs, his previous religious connections—as will enable us to be of any assistance whatever in the great task which will presently face the Church?

The careful study of Christian missions is absolutely essential to the understanding and the solution of these problems.

MEETING OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

THE executive committee met on November 12th, with eight members present.

The bishop of New York spoke in a most appreciative way of the life and work of the late bishop of Oklahoma. The minute presented by the domestic secretary, which was adopted by a rising vote, will be found on page 827.

The devastation caused by forest fires in the diocese of Duluth received careful consideration. The fine church of Saint Andrew and its parsonage were destroyed with the greater part of the city of Cloquet. Bishop Morrison reported that the Cloquet people owe their lives to the Great Northern Railway which crammed their yards with engines and freight cars and carried thousands out of the flames to the city of Superior, forty miles away. The beautiful little city of Moose Lake was utterly destroyed and nothing is left of the new church there but the concrete steps and chimney. This is only a small part of the destruction. The people in the burned-over district have lost everything, but are doing all in their power to help in rebuilding. The executive committee assured the bishop that they would stand back of him in the work of reconstruction and if necessary make an appropriation from the undesignated legacies.

The devastation due to the earthquake in Porto Rico was also before the committee. Saint Luke's Hospital in Ponce has been badly damaged; it will take some \$6,000 to make the necessary repairs. The bishop has been authorized to proceed with this work in the hope that the Church will realize its importance and contribute the necessary amount. Details of this calamity will be found on page 829 and the secretary for Latin-America will be glad to furnish further particulars. The hospital is of very real

value to the island and it is certainly hoped that the work may be restored to its former footing at once.

Mr. J. J. Neal, for many years our business agent at Cape Palmas, Liberia, where he has also been the superintendent of the Orphan Asylum and Girls' School, has been obliged to retire on account of age and infirmity.

In order to take advantage of the low price of rice in Liberia, an advance up to \$1,800 was made to lay in a sufficient store of rice for our six schools, to be held subject to monthly requisition by each school.

The salaries of our missionaries in Alaska have, for some time, been felt to be inadequate. Prices are excessively high, especially in the interior. It was felt necessary to make some small increase in accordance with the plan in force in the foreign missionary districts. A pay table was therefore adopted providing standard salaries, adjusted according to character of service rendered and length of service.

The One Day's Income Plan has made a most satisfactory showing, over \$125,000 having been received from that source. The treasurer's report, however, showed that on November 1st there was still \$625,904 due on the apportionment. Even should the entire apportionment be met we shall require an additional \$311,762 if we are to end the year free of debt. With many other large mission Boards reporting increased offerings, this Board feels that its requests have been altogether too modest. At least the obligations already contracted for should be met. The Board at its December meeting is to be called in extraordinary session for the purpose of considering this whole question. It is hoped, however, that the regular offerings from the congregations will be found adequate to meet the emergency

NEWS AND NOTES

THE first boy from South Dakota to win the French Cross for Valor was an Indian, Chauncey James Eaglebow. He was one of our Church boys from the Rosebud Reservation and has since been killed in action.



MANY letters acknowledging the receipt of boxes and packages by the missions in Alaska were lost when the *Princess Sophia* was wrecked. Dr. Grafton Burke of our Fort Yukon mission has telegraphed to say that all such letters, so far as he knows, will be rewritten.



FRIENDS of the Church General Hospital, Wuchang, China, have started a melting-pot of odds and ends of old gold, silver, jewelry and silver plate to be sold for the new hospital fund. Gifts of such articles—no matter what their condition—will be gladly received, addressed to Miss Helen A. Littell, 147 Park Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.



THE work of the Reverend F. W. Henry in the valley of the North Platte, Western Nebraska, would be more efficient and less laborious if he had a Ford car to use in going up and down the valley from Broadwater to Mitchell, a distance of some seventy miles. Bishop Beecher says that this part of the field is a very important section.



BISHOP GRAVES of Shanghai writes that on September twenty-sixth he consecrated Christ Church, Quinsan. This church was entirely erected and paid for by the Chinese Men's Auxiliary. On October first he consecrated the splendid new Church of Our Saviour, Shanghai, also built by its native congregation. Bishop Graves expected to sail for Manila on October nineteenth.

D. R. ERNEST F. HALL, formerly Pacific Coast Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, has just assumed charge of his duties as General Secretary of the Missionary Education Movement, with headquarters at 160 Fifth Avenue, New York.



MRS. A. B. HUNTER, of Saint Augustine's School, Raleigh, N. C., writes that she is trying to complete a file of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS for the Benson Library and needs all the early numbers up to 1887. She has a great many odd numbers from 1882 to 1918, also complete files, unbound, for the years 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1909, 1913 and 1916, which she will be glad to send in exchange.



THE boys and girls of Saint Philip's Sunday-school, Wrangel, Alaska, have out of their own earnings taken up over \$2,000 in Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps. One boy of thirteen worked last summer washing dishes in a restaurant for \$2.50 a day, saying, "I have to buy some Liberty Loan Bonds this fall." In spite of all this, they have kept up their Sunday-school and Easter Offerings, averaging for the latter \$1.18 a scholar. The gymnasium of Saint Philip's is open every afternoon to all comers. By this means the Reverend H. P. Corser keeps in touch with practically every boy in the town.



THE National War Work Council of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States has sent out an urgent appeal for more workers. During the post-war period, when from 150,000 to 200,000 will be on leave all the time, when the education of thousands must be continued and when temptations will be inviting

on every hand, the need for workers—men of good health, ability and character, with a large capacity for friendship—will be greater than ever before. Application should be made to the War Personnel Board of the Y. M. C. A., with headquarters at 347 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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FOLLOWING the usage inaugurated last year, the index of *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS* for 1918 will be printed separately. Copies may be had free of charge by addressing Literature Department, 281 Fourth avenue, New York, N. Y.

*
MR. OSWALD W. GOTT, JR., a native of Maryland and for two years an instructor in Saint John's University, Shanghai, died of pneumonia on November 4 at Camp Greene, N. C. When this country entered the war Mr. Gott came home to enlist. A man of fine character and brilliant intellect he will be a distinct loss to the faculty of Saint John's.

*
SOME thousands of dollars of the Lenten Offering for 1918 were earned by the children in selling copies of the Lenten Offering Number of *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS*. It is earnestly hoped that this wonderful record will be even surpassed in February, 1919. Full particulars may be had by addressing *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS*, 281 Fourth avenue, New York, N. Y.

*
THE Bible Teachers' Training School at 541 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y., in issuing its prospectus for the fall term of 1918, gives a resumé of the past year's work. The school is in its nineteenth year and has had up to date approximately 3,000 students. It occupies a nine-story building and seven houses adjoining. Its Schools of Theology, Pedagogy, Missions and Bible Study last year enrolled three hundred and fourteen members, of which ninety-two were missionaries.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

CONCERNING SPEAKERS

FOR the convenience of those arranging missionary meetings, the following list of speakers is published. When no address is given, requests for the services of the speakers should be addressed to the Right Reverend A. S. Lloyd, D.D., 281 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

Church Missions House Staff—The president and secretaries of the Board are always ready, so far as possible, to respond to requests to speak upon the Church's general work at home and abroad. Address each officer personally at 281 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Secretaries of Provinces—**II.** Rev. John R. Harding, D.D., 550 West 157th Street, New York. **III.** Rev. William C. Hicks, 1311 G Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. **IV.** Rev. R. W. Patton, D.D., P. O. Box 845, Atlanta, Ga. **VI.** Rev. C. C. Rollit, D.D., 519 Oak Grove Street, Minneapolis, Minn. **VII.** Rev. A. W. S. Garden, Box 318, San Antonio, Tex.

ALASKA

Rev. A. R. Hoare (in Eighth Province).

CHINA

ANKING

Rev. T. L. Sinclair.

HANKOW

Miss C. A. Couch (in First Province).

Miss Ruth Kent.

Miss Helen Littell (address direct: 147 Park Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.).

SHANGHAI

Rev. T. M. Tong.

JAPAN

TOKYO

Rev. C. F. Sweet.

LIBERIA

Rev. Dr. N. H. B. Cassell.

Miss E. de W. Seaman.

SALINA

Rt. Rev. John C. Sage, D.D. (in January and February).

Work Among Negroes—Archdeacon Russell, Lawrenceville, Va.; Rev. Giles B. Cooke, Portsmouth, Va.; Rev. E. H. Gould, Raleigh, N. C.; Archdeacon Baskerville, Charleston, S. C.

THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

TO THE BOARD OF MISSIONS

THE ADVENT CALL AND CHRISTMAS

By Grace Lindley

BY the time most of us have read this *The Advent Call* will have been made. Next month we hope to have reports of the week's work, but now we have only one word, more especially for those who have realized the possibilities of *The Advent Call*. One of the leaders wrote: "The aspect of this solemn and delightful work that makes me look up and lift up my head is one about which

I suppose it is best to pray much and speak little—that it is really Advent work, and may be, will be, making ready a highway for the return of the King."

Let us go on through our Advent to a Christmas which may be all the happier because we tried to do something that may really help to make ready the highway for the return of the King.

THE UNITED OFFERING

By Edna Biller

IN less than one year the Triennial Convention will meet in Detroit, Michigan. The time has come when our thoughts must be centered upon the United Offering. The question to ask ourselves is, what sum will be a worthy thank-offering to place on the altar of Saint Paul's Cathedral in October, 1919.

In order to realize how great are our causes for thanksgiving, we have only to contrast conditions here with those existing in every other nation. In the wonderful age in which we are living, is it too much to ask that the mark for the next United Offering be set at \$500,000—a sum which would be of untold value to those who must carry the financial burden for the mission work in the domestic and foreign fields, a sum that could so easily be raised if the majority of our Churchwomen knew and understood the pur-

pose of the United Offering. Experience has taught us that when women really do know they long for the privilege of sharing in it. Can we, who have had unusual opportunities for realizing all that the United Offering is doing to uplift humanity, fail to strive harder than we have ever done to interest and enlist more women?

As a result of the Offering of \$353,619 presented in Christ Church, Saint Louis, in October, 1916, two hundred women missionaries are working in the home and foreign field, seven young women are being trained as future missionaries and nine women who can no longer continue in active service are receiving support.

The war, various relief organizations and the Government have taught us to think of financial matters in very large terms. If the work of the churches were included in the same

The Woman's Auxiliary

category, the City of God would be built ere long. A worthy thank-offering will enable the Board of Missions to send more, to train more, and to care for more women who will give their lives gladly and thankfully for the extension of Christ's Kingdom upon earth.

OFFICERS' CONFERENCE

THE December Conference on the Junior Auxiliary will be held at the Church Missions House on Thursday, December nineteenth. The Holy Communion will be celebrated at ten o'clock, the Conference will follow at ten-thirty, noonday prayers at twelve. It is hoped that a large number of Auxiliary officers, both senior and junior, will be present.

THE ADVENT CALL IN DAKOTA

FROM Miss M. B. Peabody, President of the Woman's Auxiliary of the District of South Dakota, we learn that her *Advent Call* letter to the women of South Dakota and the one written by Bishop Burleson were translated into the Dakota language and sent in quantity to the Indian Field. A special prayer card and a simplified pledge card were also prepared, the one sent out by Miss Lindley being used as a basis. A change of idiom and other figures of speech were needed to adapt them to the Dakota mind. Miss Peabody writes: "I look for as fruitful work among the Dakotas as anywhere in the whole field."

REPORT OF THE OCTOBER CONFERENCE

THE first of the Officers' Conferences for the year 1918-1919 was held at the Church Missions House on Thursday, October seventeenth. Representatives reported from the dioceses of California, Central New York, Long Island, Los Angeles, Newark, New York and Pennsylvania.

The secretaries reported attendance at many interesting and inspiring summer conferences. An unfortunate fact was brought to the attention of the Auxiliary in the decrease in contributions from the Woman's and Junior Auxiliary of a little more than \$10,000 over last year. It is probable that under the heading "individuals", many contributions which might well go through the Woman's Auxiliary have been made, but as the givers have not so stated, the money is not entered to the credit of the Auxiliary. It is hoped that this amount may be made up before the closing of the fiscal year.

In reporting upon the work in preparation for *The Advent Call*, the secretary was able to announce that some seventy-eight dioceses and districts out

of the eighty-seven on the American continent have been heard from regarding the matter. Seventy-one have actually appointed leaders for *The Advent Call* work and seven others are practically sure of making such appointments in the near future. Two dioceses find themselves unable to carry out the work in the way suggested, but both are interested and will enter into the spirit of the work through their prayers. This seems a remarkable record so far, and in addition the Canadian Auxiliary Branch in Toronto has intimated its approval of our plan by asking to be allowed to join in it, and the Young Woman's Christian Association has expressed much interest and enthusiasm. The Girls' Friendly Society and the Daughters of the King have come into the plan. This is most encouraging, in showing especially the fact that not members of the Auxiliary alone, but Churchwomen whose interests are outside of the Auxiliary are interested and anxious to join in this particular form of war work.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF OFFERINGS

TO APPLY ON THE APPORTIONMENT AND AID
THE BOARD IN MEETING ITS APPROPRIATION

Offerings are asked to sustain missions in thirty-three missionary districts in the United States and possessions, Africa, China, Japan, Brazil, Haiti, Mexico and Cuba and in the Canal Zone; in thirty-nine dioceses, including missions to the Indians and to the negroes, to pay the salaries of thirty-two bishops, and stipends to about 2,758 missionary workers, domestic and foreign; also two general missionaries to the Swedes and two missionaries among deaf mutes in the Middle West; and to support schools, hospitals and orphanages.

With all the remittances the name of the Diocese and Parish should be given. Remittances, when practicable, should be by Check or Draft, and should always be made payable to the order of George Gordon King, Treasurer, and sent to him, Church Missions House, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Remittances in Bank Notes are not safe unless sent in Registered Letters.

The Treasurer of the Board of Missions acknowledges the receipt of the following from November 1st, 1917, to November 1st, 1918

DIOCESE OR MISSIONARY DISTRICT	Apportionment for Domestic and Foreign Missions, November 1st, 1917, to December 31st, 1918	Amount received from November 1st, 1917, to November 1st, 1918	DIOCESE OR MISSIONARY DISTRICT	Apportionment for Domestic and Foreign Missions, November 1st, 1917, to December 31st, 1918	Amount received from November 1st, 1917, to November 1st, 1918
PROVINCE I.			PROVINCE IV.		
Connecticut	\$66,751	\$55,302.14	Alabama	\$9,847	\$5,002.13
Maine	5,699	\$3,961.91	Atlanta	7,644	4,343.71
Massachusetts	101,370	74,370.03	East Carolina	5,270	8,140.25
New Hampshire	7,627	5,077.57	Florida	5,600	2,184.34
Rhode Island	28,535	21,181.33	Georgia	5,133	4,373.21
Vermont	6,307	3,188.71	Kentucky	9,647	5,867.79
W. Massachusetts	17,962	12,613.60	Lexington	3,186	2,328.89
	\$234,251	\$175,695.29	Louisiana	10,110	5,264.50
PROVINCE II.			Mississippi	6,236	3,922.72
Albany	\$35,444	\$15,509.84	North Carolina	9,247	7,894.49
Central New York	30,342	18,006.26	South Carolina	11,251	8,857.09
Long Island	74,544	29,472.08	Tennessee	10,332	4,314.23
Newark	54,165	41,566.72	Asheville	2,854	2,125.70
New Jersey	35,705	19,632.36	Southern Florida	3,526	3,252.90
New York	318,405	183,768.31		\$99,883	\$67,871.95
W. New York	35,123	20,262.72			
Porto Rico	205	246.45			
	\$583,933	\$328,464.74	PROVINCE V.		
PROVINCE III.			Chicago	\$66,076	\$22,872.87
Bethlehem	\$26,333	\$14,706.64	Fond du Lac	4,913	2,319.83
Delaware	6,378	5,648.03	Indianapolis	5,576	3,009.60
Easton	3,799	2,725.87	Marquette	3,102	1,591.85
Erie	8,554	4,975.64	Michigan	21,904	16,288.80
Harrisburg	12,789	5,041.65	Michigan City	3,566	1,157.02
Maryland	41,637	29,076.43	Milwaukee	12,685	4,380.36
Pennsylvania	169,817	119,218.81	Ohio	29,960	19,296.09
Pittsburgh	30,829	20,199.51	Quincy	3,611	1,837.26
Southern Virginia	24,947	16,006.19	Southern Ohio	20,038	11,443.81
Virginia	19,282	23,074.09	Springfield	4,584	2,689.27
Washington	30,884	18,713.91	W. Michigan	7,625	4,432.68
W. Virginia	8,320	8,022.78			
	\$383,569	\$267,409.55		\$183,640	\$91,319.44

DIOCESE OR MISSIONARY DISTRICT	Apportionment for Domestic and Foreign Missions, November 1st, 1917, to December 31st, 1918	Amount received from November 1st, 1917, to November 1st, 1918	DIOCESE OR MISSIONARY DISTRICT	Apportionment for Domestic and Foreign Missions, November 1st, 1917, to December 31st, 1918	Amount received from November 1st, 1917, to November 1st, 1918
PROVINCE VI.			PROVINCE VIII.		
Colorado	\$11,424	\$5,029.47	California	\$15,192	\$5,758.68
Duluth	4,361	2,692.86	Los Angeles	18,112	8,919.74
Iowa	10,472	3,226.52	Olympia	6,354	1,855.26
Minnesota	19,667	8,518.62	Oregon	4,567	1,598.01
Montana	6,612	3,915.69	Sacramento	2,907	1,175.39
Nebraska	5,022	2,335.10	Alaska	1,050	833.25
North Dakota	2,312	2,345.53	Arizona	2,012	1,610.98
South Dakota	4,086	4,267.00	Eastern Oregon	808	446.05
Western Colorado	743	891.31	Honolulu	2,097	1,998.25
Western Nebraska	2,013	1,496.80	Idaho	2,578	2,100.68
Wyoming	3,526	974.60	Nevada	923	641.30
	\$70,238	\$35,693.50	San Joaquin	1,791	583.84
			Spokane	3,100	1,182.36
			Philippines	466	209.79
			Utah	1,210	762.71
				\$63,167	\$29,676.29
PROVINCE VII.					
Arkansas	\$3,923	\$2,234.16	Anking		\$17.00
Dallas	4,474	2,283.09	Brazil	\$292	112.77
Kansas	5,372	2,493.52	Canal Zone	233	327.15
Missouri	17,015	8,908.46	Cuba	933	792.22
Texas	9,577	6,542.00	Hankow		15.10
Western Missouri	5,413	2,666.53	Kyoto		186.82
West Texas	2,853	2,637.14	Liberia	466	465.80
Eastern Oklahoma	1,750	1,363.23	Mexico	117	165.00
New Mexico	1,485	1,142.02	Shanghai		685.50
North Texas	972	420.92	Tokyo		176.60
Oklahoma	1,220	860.49	European Churches	583	5.00
Salina	1,020	609.70	Foreign Miscellaneous		87.36
	\$54,974	\$32,161.26		\$2,624	\$3,036.32
			Miscellaneous	\$1,676,279	\$8,235.34
			Total		1,039,563.68
			Received on account of 1917		10,998.52
			Total		\$1,050,562.20

APPROPRIATIONS FOR THE YEAR

NOVEMBER 1ST, 1917, TO DECEMBER 31ST, 1918

Amount Needed for the year

Appropriations as made to date for the work at home and abroad (including estimated extra cost of exchange in China)	\$2,264,810.54
Deficiency in amount to pay appropriations last year	143,309.20
	\$2,408,119.74
Undesignated Legacies 1917—appropriations drawn	63,982.67
Designated Legacies—appropriation St. Paul's College, Tokyo	7,274.46
	\$2,479,376.87
Total receipts to date applicable on appropriations; Offerings, \$1,301,528.11; Undesignated Legacies, 1917, \$63,982.67; from Designated Legacies, \$7,274.46	1,372,785.24
Amount needed before December 31, 1918	\$1,106,591.63

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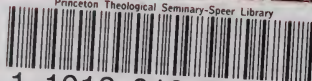
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